

NEW YORK HERALD

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cent's committee will hold its first conference on April 5, the day after the citizens' meeting in Carnegie Hall discusses the plight of incapacitated service men. The New York gathering ought to provide much material for the President's committee to begin work with.

Every One's John Burroughs. JOHN BURROUGHS is dead and every one has lost a friend. Dedicating a book to him a few years ago, THOMAS ROOSEVELT wrote: "It is a good thing for our people that you have lived, and surely no man can wish to have more said of him." He would have wished nothing more and nothing different.

JOHN BURROUGHS's great love was for nature and he was reserved if not shy with men—at least with strangers. But he loved mankind so that he made it his life's task to share the treasure of interest and beauty that he found in every living thing from the leaf to the bird, from the bee to the flower, from the woods and hills to their wild inhabitants. So he became through his writings the inspiration of children, the companion and guide of the mature, the consolation of the aged.

What was JOHN BURROUGHS? Or rather, what was he *not*? He was a scientist, poet or philosopher? He was all three in soul and in his gift to his age the three qualities are wonderfully commingled. As a scientist he was a naturalist, not a biologist. He was a follower of GILBERT WHITE, the natural historian of Selborne, and his supreme mastery lay in distinguishing and recording the phenomena of life which every one else saw but failed to take note of. As a philosopher he had an instinctive sense of the mystery underlying the marvels of nature cast before his senses with such boundless prodigality. He had a conviction, half emotional, half reasoned, of the meaning of the world and of human existence. He saw the hope that it implied.

Through his spirit of poetry he recast his observations, his reflections, the teeming wealth of his unflagging mind into word images and word paintings which appealed with the sureness of the sunlight he revealed in to the perceptions, the intellects, the imagination of thousands craving for help in the liberation of their spirits. He became first the awakener then the friend in thought and sympathy of every one who came under the spell of his pen.

His power of observation was a natural faculty which grew unconsciously in the early years of his life on his father's farm. He could not help detecting minute in animal or plant. He said himself that when he first came to write about the birds all he had to do was recall what he had seen. He never did anything with the purpose of writing about it. He never made notes. His brain was a heaven made laboratory of nature study and nature lore.

As for his writing, his early efforts were hampered by imperfect training and a false ideal. He tried to model his style on Dr. JOHNSON's and was only saved through the clarifying influence of EMERSON, who taught him the magic of simplicity and directness. By cultivation of these qualities he attained in his later and more finished work a charm of manner which was in harmony with the beauty of his material and his thought.

It is odd that a man of twenty-five should have written such a poem as "Waiting": "Serene I fold my hands and wait, Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea; I have no more 'gainst time or fate, For lo! my own shall come to me."

It reads like the resignation of one well on in years. But it expressed recently and acquiescence, not renunciation or indifference. BURROUGHS was altogether the product of his own genius and he felt in himself the power of making his life rich and fine by use of the material placed at his command by Providence. This was his lesson, that he conveyed to young and old—to use their own faculties and through them to possess and to enjoy all the splendor of the universe.

He lived, through his serenity, to a great age, so that his life linked the present generation with names and memories grown legendary, the great men and deeds of the civil war time. In a peculiar and special way he has no successor. There is no one to replace him as Dean Emeritus of American letters, still less as the writer beloved of all. But in his books he has left a legacy inexhaustible in many years to the disciples in the school of the great outdoor world.

Debt Adjustment Courtesies. Aside from the stupendous international debts and accusations of indebtedness engaging the attention of grave financiers there are not a few questions of the same nature which, serious as they may be, are causes of irritation between sovereign peoples.

The case of the debt claim of the State of Virginia against the Federal Government, dating, as we recall, a century or more back, sets a renowned and agreeable precedent to be considered in this connection. As the state story is told, an official representative of the Old Dominion, bearing a despatch box of ancient fashion bulging with yellowed documents, annually voyages to Washington, where with ceremonious courtesy befitting the nature and venerableness of his mission, he makes demand for payment. He is cordially received by representatives of the State and Treasury departments, who, according to honored custom which long ago mellowed the occasion, invite the commissioner to dinner.

Follow in dignified procession a lunch, a visit to the White House, entertainments by Cabinet officers, a drive out to Chevy Chase club house

and other incidents nicely calculated to a better understanding of the financial problem involved. In other days progress was marked by toasts drunk to the health of the President and to the Governor of Virginia; agreeable compliments are always exchanged and the commissioner returns to Richmond with renewed assurances of esteem, and promises that the claim will receive further examination.

It is said that in Virginia no more prized honor can come to a citizen than to be elected to the office which carries with it the distinction of conducting these almost hallowed negotiations. It must be that this manner of forwarding adjustment of a claim between even the most sensitive nations, without denial of validity, will appeal to the good sense and kindly humor of statesmen alert to the political value of courtesy visits.

Greek Advance in Asia Minor. The offensive against the Turkish Nationalists, which CONSTANTINE launched as a reply if not a challenge to the London conference, has reached the Bagdad railway, about 200 miles east of Smyrna. The Greeks have thus given at least temporary security to their possession of western Asia Minor and they are, according to the official reports, in occupation of two important junction points, Afium-Karahissar, where the line from Smyrna enters the Bagdad road, and Eski-Shehr, from where a branch of the Bagdad road runs to Angora, the Nationalist capital.

The Bagdad railway is one of the chief objectives of the Greek forces in the present offensive. Their several attempts to control it in the early occupation of the Smyrna territory all proved ineffectual. It is the only important railway of the country and connects Scutari, on the Asiatic shore opposite Constantinople, with Konja and the Mesopotamian valley. In control by the Greeks thus cuts off the command of MUSTAPHA KEMAL Pasha's ablest generals, offered little resistance to the Greeks until the railway was reached. Here, according to the Greek official reports, they made a firm stand and were driven from their position only after severe fighting.

The Greeks now enter upon the most difficult phase of their campaign. Angora lies 140 miles east of Eski-Shehr, in the Anatolian highlands. Good highways are few and the rough land and mountain passes offer special advantages for the guerrilla warfare to which KEMAL's forces are best suited. Recent and more or less authoritative reports by correspondents who have been at the Nationalist headquarters would seem to disprove the early information given out by the Greeks. The Nationalists are well supplied with money, they have organized under the best of Turkish officers a considerable force and it is believed that KEMAL's influence is such that he can in case of a Greek invasion add to this many recruits from among the Anatolians, who in the past were the most dependable of the Turkish soldiery.

CONSTANTINE has now adopted the policy of VENIZELLOS and is striving to take to himself the credit of the Greater Greece which this able Premier had outlined and was on the point of making effective. To this his followers have added an element that especially appeals to his personal ambition and to the ideals of the extreme Greek expansionists. The Greeks in Constantinople recently asserted that Saint Sophia will be in the hands of the Greeks by the time of the celebration of their Easter on May 1, and that a Greek sovereign will rule in Constantinople. This is a pleasant dream in which CONSTANTINE has indulged himself ever since he was reminded of the ancient prophecy that a Constantine whose Queen was a Sophia would be crowned in this sanctuary.

There is, however, much more to be considered in this project so dear to every Balkan ruler than the mere desire of the Greek people. Europe in the past has always interfered just when the plans of a would be successor to the ruler of ancient Byzantium seemed at the point of realization. CONSTANTINE's chance of coronation in Saint Sophia is no better now than was that of FERDINAND of Bulgaria, who so cunningly schemed for the distinction in 1913. A matter of more vital importance to the Greeks than their conquest of Constantinople is, as VENIZELLOS pointed out, to discover just how far they are to be supported by the Allies in their war against the Turkish Nationalists for the establishment of their territorial claims in Asia.

Ballade of Spring. The cellar pipe has sprung a leak, The plumber's at his club, they say; In vain a decent cook we seek; The furnace man has gone astray; The laundress didn't care to stay; The seamstress left us with a pout; But naught can sink us in dismay—The cherry buds are bursting out!

The grocer, though his manner's meek, Is but an idol made of clay; We can't afford some new Belleek Since Bridget tipped ours from the tray; The butcher's bill's too big to pay, And grandpa's laid up with gout; Yet he, too, shouts in accents gay: "The cherry buds are bursting out!"

Our next door neighbor is a freak / Who joins in each new fad or fray, And, on our line, with zealous check, / Uses the telephone all day; The bulle's that Aunt Amanda Gray Gave us as Christmas gifts won't sprout— / But what's annoyance any way? The cherry buds are bursting out!

Though comfort's fallen to decay / And left us only debt and drought; One joy can all our woes alloy: / The cherry buds are bursting out! CHARLOTTE BECKER.

North Carolina Leads the States. Our friends in North Carolina are filled with enthusiasm because their State had the highest birth rate in the Union for 1920, and its death rate was among the lowest. The State Board of Health tells the story in these words:

"Reports during the past year show a total of 85,956 births in the State, a rate of 28.8 per thousand. "The deaths totaled for the same period 23,235, a rate of 12.9 per thousand. "During 1920 every six minutes a new life was born into the world; every fifteen minutes another life was snuffed off."

"That the births are so far in excess of the deaths accounts for the large increase in the population of the State during the last decade, as shown by the last census figures, for the State has had little increase by reason of immigration. "Certainly the Old North State has reason to be proud of this record. A

high birth rate and a low death rate mean good health all the way round. Taken together they indicate a sound and vigorous population living under excellent conditions. North Carolina has remarkably fine air and an invigorating climate.

We salute with respect and affection our fellow citizens in North Carolina, and sincerely congratulate them upon the preeminence in sanitary and wholesome living their statisticians disclose.

A British Coal Crisis Again. When the Lloyd George Government dumps the unendurable coal load back on the mine owners next Friday, British industry again must meet an economic test and British nationalism a political test.

Wages are so high in the British coal industry that the total amount of coal sent to market is not worth anything like the total cost of getting it out of the ground. The operating deficit for the industry, for example, amounted last month to something like \$35,000,000.

The mine owners will not be able to meet the deficit when the business comes back upon them, the Government doesn't want any more of it and it is not practicable to increase prices further, as such a course not only would kill British coal exports, now hard pressed by American competition, but would add enough to the production cost of British manufactures to check or stop their sale abroad.

So the mine owners have posted notices of general wage cuts to go into effect on Friday, when the Government fetters from holding the bag. At the present offensive. Their several attempts to control it in the early occupation of the Smyrna territory all proved ineffectual. It is the only important railway of the country and connects Scutari, on the Asiatic shore opposite Constantinople, with Konja and the Mesopotamian valley. In control by the Greeks thus cuts off the command of MUSTAPHA KEMAL Pasha's ablest generals, offered little resistance to the Greeks until the railway was reached. Here, according to the Greek official reports, they made a firm stand and were driven from their position only after severe fighting.

The British coal mines, as in many instances here, the men have been producing. In their economic folly they have ignored and tried to defy the fact that wealth which is not produced cannot be divided. Now, with the Government no longer subsidizing men who do not produce as much as their own wages, they are come to the reckoning. Either they will have to mine more coal as a day's work and for a day's pay or they will not make self-supporting. And exactly the same thing is true of many workers in various American industries.

March's lamblike entrance and leonine exit are strictly up to the old dramatic standard. A man in Arkansas woke yesterday after sleeping three years. Think of what he missed! When he fell into slumber the Germans were just starting that drive which was surely going to win the war.

There was a wide demand yesterday morning for self-starting furnaces. One of the depressing consequences of a low birth rate is the difficulties uncles meet in finding nephews who must be taken to the circus.

Petrograd artisans looting factories of machinery to barter for food, instead of running the machinery to produce goods to exchange for food, are killing the goose and breaking the golden egg at the same time.

If Eads How and General Coxey both march their divisions on the Federal capital, as they threaten, the District Commissioners may get enough able bodied men not in office or looking for office to clean, for once, the notorious alleys of Washington.

Our Mary the First. To THE NEW YORK HERALD: I wonder if any of your readers remember Mitchell's old Olympic Theatre of the early '90s. It was situated on Chatham street. His stock company was made up of Mary Taylor—New York's original "our Mary"—and the best beloved actors of her time—Agnes Robinson (Mrs. John Wood), Mattie Corcoran (Mrs. J. H. Stoddard), Mrs. Drew, John Broughman, George Holland, J. H. Stoddard and Joe Jefferson as juveniles and many others I have forgotten.

In those days it meant hard work to be an actor. The curtain rang up at 7 P. M. and often it was midnight before it was finally run down, comedy, drama and light opera constituting the performance. One programme mentions "The Child of the Regiment" as given the same evening. Mary Taylor's famous song "Salut à la France" was a feature of the last piece.

A VERY OLD MAN. New York, March 29. A. S.

Quick Bunkering at Panama. From the Panama Canal Record. The Superintendent of Coaling Plants at the Cristobal coaling station, Panama Canal, has reported a new high record for the day's work of approximately 1,000 tons. This was the bunkering of the steamship Yakoba on December 24, 1920, with 1,002 tons in one hour and six minutes. The tons were gross tons of 2,240 pounds.

When Spring Comes in Arkansas. From the Baxter Bulletin. We see you in the same old sign of spring this year again. When Bill Briley cuts his whiskers, plant your garden. Bill's whiskers have got the frogs, the birds and amateur prophets skinned a city block.

Clippers and Yachts.

Speedy Voyages Made Under the Command of Yankee Shippers.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: Haswell's "Engineers Hand Book" of 1850 gives both sailing and steamship records dating back to the early '60s, among which are the following made by clipper ships:

1861—Flying Cloud, New York to San Francisco, 23,410 miles, 89 days 18 hours; 374 miles in one day.

1863—Trade Wind, New York to San Francisco, 18,810 miles, 75 days.

1864—Red Jacket, Sandy Hook to Liverpool, 8,000 miles, 13 days 11 hours 23 minutes.

1865—Mary Whitwell, Baltimore (Cape Henry) to Liverpool, 2,400 miles, 13 days 7 hours.

1866—Andrew Jackson, New York to San Francisco, 18,410 miles, 80 days 4 hours.

1867—Dreadnaught, Honolulu to New Bedford, 15,470 miles, 52 days.

1868—Dreadnaught, Sandy Hook to New Bedford, 2,760 miles, 9 days 17 hours.

1869—Dreadnaught, Sandy Hook to Rock Light, Liverpool, 2,000 miles, 15 days 8 hours.

In 1869 the schooner yacht Sappho sailed from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, 2,857 miles, in 13 days 9 hours. The Sovereign of the Seas, a ship of medium model, sailed 34,178 miles a year for four days and 375 miles in one day. As the first edition of Haswell's book was published in 1856, or about the time of the clipper ship era, his records are of great value. Mr. Haswell died a few years ago at the age of 93 and had the distinction of having served as the first Engineer in Chief of the United States Navy.

I believe that speed equal to that of any of the ships named above, or better, was made by the schooner yacht Coronet in the race with the Dauntless, the latter commanded by Captain Samuels, in either 1849 or 1850, in the month of March, the Coronet winning by a few hours. I served as assistant engineer on a steamship which followed the yacht to within a few miles of Pico Island, and they were going at a speed which left us several miles astern. A few years later the Coronet went to Japan with an expedition to observe an eclipse of the sun, and before starting Captain Crosby told me he expected to make Cape Horn within thirty days.

New York, March 29. W. E. V.

The Texan Language. Sample Words of a Tongue Which May Be the Real American.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: The letter of George F. Shady in which he demonstrates by fifteen or sixteen sample words that the language spoken on this side of the water is not English but American leads to a logical train of thought that is somewhat puzzling. In the Texan of Texas certain words are habitually used which have the identical meaning are quite different from the words common to New York. For instance, and none of these examples is slang:

New York. Texas. relatives kinfolks; places or porch any where; afternoon back; carryall hack; State prison penitentiary; looking calaboose; muddy hole; green corn roasting ears; hulled corn hominy; fresh eggs yard eggs; Graham bread brown bread; pecan pie nut cake; each quarter of a dollar two bits; bull or abacus rising; carry cloboards; addings.

Obviously, if Mr. Shady's contention as to English and American is sound, a different language is spoken in Texas from that in New York—as different as the language of New York is from that of England. The tongue of New York being American, it would appear that this other language, though, perhaps, to be called Texan, but here enters a perplexing complication.

The American language is, presumably, that which is spoken in the place having the largest proportion of Americans in its population, and a coldy statistical Census Bureau intimates that the proportion of Americans in Texas is larger than that of the metropolis. This leads to the startling thought that the language spoken in Texas might be American. In that case, what language is spoken in New York?

As an American who has lived in New York and spoken his language with some fluency, but who now is domiciled in Texas in order to be understood by the inhabitants usually converses in the tongue there accepted as correct, I am a trifle confused. Will Mr. Shady, or Mr. Cullen, who preceded him in the discussion, be good enough to enlighten us all? If he conceded that none of us speaks English, who, then, speaks American—the Texan or the New Yorker?

J. FRANK DAVIS. SAN ANTONIO, TEX., March 28.

Miss Taylor Preceded Mary Anderson as a Stage Favorite. To THE NEW YORK HERALD: I wonder if any of your readers remember Mitchell's old Olympic Theatre of the early '90s. It was situated on Chatham street. His stock company was made up of Mary Taylor—New York's original "our Mary"—and the best beloved actors of her time—Agnes Robinson (Mrs. John Wood), Mattie Corcoran (Mrs. J. H. Stoddard), Mrs. Drew, John Broughman, George Holland, J. H. Stoddard and Joe Jefferson as juveniles and many others I have forgotten.

In those days it meant hard work to be an actor. The curtain rang up at 7 P. M. and often it was midnight before it was finally run down, comedy, drama and light opera constituting the performance. One programme mentions "The Child of the Regiment" as given the same evening. Mary Taylor's famous song "Salut à la France" was a feature of the last piece. A VERY OLD MAN. New York, March 29. A. S.

Music Festival Opens at Manhattan

Walter Damrosch and Oratorio Society Begin Performance With Pierre's "Children's Crusade."

Walter Damrosch and the Oratorio Society gave a music festival in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory last spring and the amount of public interest evoked by the venture encouraged the projectors to try it again this year. The local habitation, however, is no longer an armory, but the Manhattan Opera House, to whose walls the solemnities of oratorio are not familiar. The festival began last evening with a performance of Gabriel Pierné's "The Children's Crusade."

This work was first given here under the direction of Frank Damrosch on December 4, 1916, and was repeated twice in the same winter. It was given again under Walter Damrosch on December 6, 1917. The story used by Pierné is a medieval legend about a band of children who undertook a crusade in the direction of the Holy Sepulchre. Their leaders are Alois and Alys, the former a blind boy. The adults in the tale are necessary to the action. Parents, for example, plead with their children not to go, but Alois leads them forth, they come to the sea, embark on ships, are overtaken by a tempest and lost. A voice from on high chants "Suffer little children to come unto me, and the heavenly choir triumphantly sings "Children Who Were Dead Have Risen Again."

The composition was written in cantata of more than ordinary beauty. Certainly some portions are a little dry, owing no doubt to M. Pierné's desire to avoid the commonplace, but by the quite artistic expedient of writing simple music for the children he has created an atmosphere of tenderness, conveyed to the hearer the illusion of the helplessness of the infant army, and made a powerful appeal to parental instincts. There is much real beauty in the choral parts, especially in the

The Call of the Sea. From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. From snowy heights emerging, bounding, leaping, surging; The mountain stream is rushing, ever seaward pushing—Foaming, tumbling, dashing, swirling, eddying, flashing, Here and there swift swerving, While stormy points round curving, Or in pools padding purling, Then out again mad whirling, Past cliffs crest with lava, Rocks cut by divine carver, Or reddish bluffs bold towering, O'ertopped with dark clouds low'ring.

It bears a voice far calling And onward speeds, fast falling, And mused with eagerness, It rests, merged in Old Ocean. FLORENCE A. P. ENGLE.

Bacon, the Poet. Could the Author of These Lines Have Written Shakespeare's Plays?

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: So many persons have been wondering in the perennial controversy as to whether or not Shakespeare wrote the plays attributed to him without the slightest qualifications for the task that I trust THE NEW YORK HERALD will permit one who was brought up in Warwickshire, Shakespeare's county, to offer an opinion from an unconventional angle.

There is only a difference of a year or so in the age of Henry Waterson, the doubtfully noted dramatist, and Shakespeare. Until the age of thirteen I went to a grammar school within a few miles of Stratford-on-Avon of the same foundation as Shakespeare's school, both in common with a number of schools throughout England founded by King Edward VI. in 1553.

Colonel Waterson clinches his dictum by saying, "The man who can believe that Shakespeare did write the plays could believe that Benedict Arnold wrote the Declaration of Independence, and Herbert Spencer the novels of Dickens." This is flippant antithesis on the part of Colonel Waterson, who apparently fails to grasp either the situation or the character of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare was a monumental genius and primarily a poet, as his sonnets and poems prove. There are no rules governing a genius. His writing plays and collaborating and revising with other playwrights was an incidental business enterprise in connection with the theatre. So successful was he that he amassed a competency. He did not have to study how to write poems and plays any more than the Polish boy chess marvel had to be taught the science of chess.

If Shakespeare did not write the poems and plays who did? It certainly was